

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 23—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1806

NO. 903.

A VILLAGE TALE.

(Continued.)

HE called loudly for assistance, fearing his abruption had been fatal. Her mother, who was in an adjoining apartment, rushed out; she shrieked as she caught the miserable girl from his arms, and folded her to her bosom. The sudden motion, and her mother's scream, caused the ill fated Rose to unclose her eyes, but their lustre was fled; the horrid news had shook her intellects; she knew nothing, remembered nothing. Deep sighs burst from her overcharged heart; but she was unconscious of the cause. Her mother with tears infreated to know what had reduced her darling child to so wretched a state. Sir Frederic, in a few words, told her the fatal truth. Horror-struck, she could scarcely believe it. William could not be so base as to desert her Rose, after the repeated protestations of everlasting love he had made in her presence. But she found it too true; and her last hopes of happiness were for ever vanished. For hours would she sit weeping over her lovely inanimate Rose; who, with fixed eyes, and drooping head, sat a living monument of wretchedness. Such accumulated misery was too much to bear; her exhausted frame sunk under it; and the week after William's desertion beheld her a corpse. The kind neighbours hastened to the fair insensate the moment they heard of her mother's death: among the rest were William's parents, who were wretched as herself; for they fondly loved her, and execrated the vile wretch who had seduced their son from his duty. Every art was tried to bring Rose to a sense of her condition; but in vain. At length it struck them that the sight of her mother might produce the effect they so earnestly wished. Taking her passive hand, they led her to the room where, shrouded in her coffin, lay the pale remains of her departed parent. The well known features recalled her scattered senses: she gazed a moment on her mother's lifeless form; then, with a heart-piercing shriek, sunk motionless on the coffin. When restored to animation, her agonies were dreadful. All the fatal events of the last fortnight burst upon her memory: with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she deplored her wretched fate. No one who saw her, but mingled their tears with hers and wished they had suffered her to remain in the unconscious state from which their endeavours had roused her. William's mother continued with her till the funeral was over. She followed the corpse of her dear mother with a firm step, and tearless eye; the effect of inward despair. When she beheld the coffin placed in the earth, she for an instant wildly fixed her eyes upon it, then casting them to Heaven, her lips moved as if in prayer; and, with a look of pious resignation, she left the church-yard, and proceeded, accompanied by her friends, to her melancholy home. William's parents begged her to reside with them; they wished still to consider her as a daughter; but she shuddered at the proposal, and solemnly vowed never to quit the habitation of her youth and happier days. An aged servant of her mother, who had

lived with them in their prosperity, and would not forsake them in less fortunate times, continued with the wretched Rose, whose mind had been diverted by the late events from the thoughts of William's baseness. Now left to herself, they returned with double force: for hours would she sit in the arbor, indulging the soul-harrowing thought, till her full heart had swelled almost to bursting, and the tears of agony traced each other down her wan and sunken checks; thus would the faithful Rachel often find her when she went to remind her of the lateness of the hour, and to lead her in from the damp chill of the evening.

While Rose was thus suffering all the agonies a tortured heart could endure, William was no less miserable. Even at the moment he was forsaking her, his heart was wrung with anguish; and the vile partner of his flight was forced to throw out every allurement to prevent his return the moment he arrived in the Metropolis. Judge, then, what were his feelings, when informed of the sad consequences of his desertion. With frenzy he cursed himself, and the artful woman who had caused him to abandon Rose. He rushed from her presence, and darted into the streets, where his hurried step, and wild, distracted looks, caught the attention of the passengers, who judged him to be some maniac broke from confinement. The swiftness of his motion prevented that crowd from following him, which too often attends the steps of those whom misfortunes have driven to insanity. Having wandered the whole day without knowing whither, his thoughts became more composed, though not less poignant. He knew not what to do. To return to Rose, he felt would be to wound her more deeply. How could he present to her sight, the guilty wretch whose cruelty had plunged her into the depth of woe? As his mind flew distractedly from one idea to another, a recruiting Sergeant came up, and taking his arm, asked him if he was willing to serve his King and Country; offering him, at the same time, a large bounty. He instantly accepted the offer. Weary of life, he hoped soon to lay it down in his Country's defense.

The day after William had enlisted, an order was sent for the regiment to be embarked immediately for foreign service. The idea of leaving Rose for ever, without again seeing her, and imploring her pity and forgiveness, drove him to madness. He applied to his commander for leave of absence, but was refused, on account of the embarkation being to take place immediately. Wild with despair at being denied, he rashly resolved to desert; determining not to leave his native land without taking a last farewell of his beloved Rose. On the following morning he rose before day-break, and putting on the cloaths he wore on the fatal night he enlisted, pursued his wretched way towards the village, where he arrived about noon. With hasty steps he passed onward, and reaching the well-known cottage, he, with frantic haste, lifted the latch, and burst into the room. But the object he sought was not there; she had retired to her favorite seat. William saw her through the window, and rushing into the garden, was

to an instant at her feet. The affrighted girl, uttering a scream, hid her face with her hands, as William clasped her knees; and, in an accent of deep despair, besought her not to curse him. "Dear injured Rose, (cried he, pardon the wretch who kneels before you for the last time.) "O, William! William! (groaned the unhappy Rose,) what had I done to excite your hatred?" "Rack not my soul with such an accusation, rejoined William.) I hate you! If, dearest Rose, you can again put faith in one perjured, believe me, your dear image was never for an instant effaced from my breast: and even at the moment I so infamously deserted you, I loved you with the greatest fervor." "Cruel, cruel Lady Mary," ejaculated Rose. "Name her not: she is a monster! O, that I could recall the past." Rose burst into an agony of tears: William's words reminded her of her mother; and her weak frame shook with the anguish of her soul. In a few minutes her grief in part subsided; and she held out her hand to William, who snatched it with eagerness to his lips and heart. "Do you, indeed, pardon me! (said he.) O, say you do, and I will no longer intrude myself upon you. Only tell me you forgive me ere I leave you."—"Leave me! again desert me! (cried the trembling Rose;) who then shall protect me!" "I will, (exclaimed the delighted youth.) Say but you wish it, and death alone shall part us." At that instant they heard a rustling behind the arbour. Rose started as she saw three soldiers getting over the hedge which separated the garden from the meadows. With pallid cheeks she looked at William and grasped his arm. She beheld him pale and trembling. "My God! what does this mean? (said she,) as the men advanced towards them. "Why it means, that we are come to fetch your Sweet-heart, as I suppose he is, (said one of them.) He has taken French leave of his commander, who intends shewing him English discipline as soon as we reach London. When soldiers run from their duty, it is fit they should be punished for their desertion." "William is not a soldier, (replied the trembling Rose;) are you William? "Too sure I am, and the miserable wretch they seek. I must leave you, poor undone girl, for ever." "You shall not quit me," screamed the frantic Rose, clinging with force around his neck. Despair lent her strength, and in vain they tried to unlock her hands; they were riveted. William clasped her fragile form to his bursting heart, whilst the scalding tears fell fast from his eyes upon her wan cheek. Her violent emotion, at length, overpowered her; and, with a deep groan, she sunk fainting on William's bosom. The unfeeling soldiers seized this opportunity of forcing her from his arms, and gently placing her on the seat, hurried the heart-broken youth away, without suffering him to take a last embrace; fearing she might revive before they departed. In this state did Rachel find her, ignorant of the late events, from being absent at the time William entered. She thought her dead; and, with fearful haste, lifted her from the seat. The sudden motion restored Rose to a sense of her misery. She gazed on the servant with eagerness, seized her arm with a convulsive grasp, and demanded where Wil-

ham was. "The blessed Lord preserve your sen-ses my dear young mistress, (replied the astonished Rachel;) how should I know? He has not been here since ——" and she stopt. "He has, he has," said Rose, in a voice of horror: "and the savages have torn him from me. O, Father of Mercies, (added she, sinking on her knees,) grant me but strength to reach the place they have borne him to; there to breathe my last on his dear bosom, and I shall be contented."

(To be Concluded in our next.)

—O:—

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

ONE day, as Charles XII. of Sweden, was dictating some letters to his secretary, to be sent to court, a bomb fell on the house, pierced the roof, and burst near the apartment in which he was. One half of the floor was shattered to pieces; but the king's closet being partly surrounded by a thick wall, suffered no damage; and, by an astonishing piece of fortune, one of the splinters, which flew about in the air, entered at the closet, which happened to be open. The report of the bomb, and the noise it occasioned in the house, which seemed ready to tumble, induced the secretary to drop his pen. "What is the reason?" said the King, with a tranquil air, "that you do not continue writing?" The secretary could only say, "Ah, Sire! the bomb!" "Well," replied the king, "what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating to you? Go on!"

DR. WITHERSPOON.

A clergyman who came from N. Britain with the Doctor at his return, was settled in one of the lower countries of Delaware, where it is very sickly, met with the Dr. in Philadelphia, who asked him how he liked his situation, and how he was supported? He replied, his situation was uncomfortable on account of its unhealthiness—that his salary was not well paid—but he made out pretty well, as it was the general practice to have funeral sermons, for which he was well paid. "Well, sir," said the Dr. "as the place is so sickly, you will make your fortune by preaching funeral sermons.

LABOR AND LIBERTY.

Of two brothers, one served the King; and the other toiled hard for his food. The former saying to the latter. "Why do you not serve the king, and get rid of your toil?" was answered, "Why do you not toil, and get rid of your slavery?"

—O:—

TRIFLES.

Advices from the Continent state, that the Great Emperor of the French is about to change his name from BONE-A-PARTE to BONE-THE-WHOLE.

WHEN Stella was extremely ill, her physician said to her, Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She answered "Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get up to the top."

A witty moralist used to say of taverns, that they were places where men sold madness by the bottle.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM

TO AN OLD GREYHOUND.

At a poor Alchouse, called the New Inn, Glamorganshire.

ALAS poor Dog! forsaken and forlorn,
Sometime thy master's boast, but now his scorn,
Poor slighted creature, thou shalt share my store,
And with me wander Cambria's mountains o'er.
Thou once wast strong, and fleetest in the chase,
But waken old, to others must give place,
And with thy prowess all thy friends are gone,
Thy deeds forgotten, thou no longer known;
Sent here to starve, or from the stranger's hand,
Receive the food thy haggard looks demand.

Yes, I, interpret thy well pleading eye,
Yes, thou shalt follow me until thou die,
Like thee, my dog, alas! too well I know,
What pangs the ungrateful on feeling hearts bestow;
When fortune favored, in life's early dawn,
Those flattered first, who now have first withdrawn;
With aching heart I find that interest sways,
And friendship but the game each VILLAIN plays.

N. G.

* * * * * "Sometime," an old word used for formerly, by Shakespeare and many others.

VERSES ON A TEAR.

On! that the Chemist's magic art,
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from CHOLOR's eye;
Then trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

THE PAIN OF ABSENCE.

How hard is absence to be borne,
When hope the lover flies!
How burns his bosom to return!
Yet fate his wish denies.

Deep fix'd within his labouring breast,
His empire Love maintains;
Then the dear image once impress'd,
Unsullied still remains.

Each relic now, with zealous care,
Preserv'd its value knows;
Each gift, presented by his fair,
A comfort now bestows.

Oh! may not e'er this hopeless love,
Her heart like his distress;
From her, kind Heav'n, such pains remove;
'Twill make him feel them less.

EPICRAM

ON A SCHOOLMASTER WITH ONE HAND.

Thou' nature thee of thy right hand bereft,
Right well thou writest with thy hand that's left.

EMILY.

A FRAGMENT.

"But she is dead now, Sir!" said my kindly conductor, "and lies in that turf-covered grave, so neatly kept, where the pale primrose is purposely planted by her village friends, as an emblem of the purity of her innocence, ere the heated hand of intemperance destroyed the lovely blossom!"

Here a tear of tender sorrow gracefully trickled down the sorrowful face of the aged man.

"Ah! Sir," he resumed, "it was a piteous sight to behold poor Emily, once so gay and animated, wandering about, sometimes with dishevelled hair, and others plaited with the wild briar rose, or any simple flower, Nature offered to her hand; whilst the vacant gaze of her azure eye, but too plainly told the thoughtful traveller's heart, that sense no longer swayed her mind.

"Never can I forget the day which ended the sufferer's sorrow. Excuse an old man's tears; for my heart is now grown weak, and cannot resist a tribute of grief to the poor maniac's memory: on that sad day, heavily howled the wintry storm, and fast fell the snow on Emily's bosom, which there melted away in a tear of envy, to find itself outvied in whiteness by her beauteous breast! Unheeding, she passed on, "with solemn step, and slow," and her lingering footsteps led her she knew not whither: the night closed in awful terrors round her; a long and desolate wild extended far on every side;

"No gladsome taper gleam'd upon her way,

"Nor moon, nor stars, sent forth one friendly ray."

She found no path that pointed to her home; though, alas! had she met with one, her distracted imagination would probably have led her from it. Soon she felt the grasp of Death; in chilly coldness he threw his arms around her:

"Her sinking form the snows divide;

and with one heart-bursting sigh, she uttered her seducer's name, and ended her earthly existence."

Here I felt the sympathizing tear-drop, bursting from my own eye: I tried not to check it, but let the tribute of woe fall on her "grass-grown grave." My soul seemed bettered by the effusion, and in chastened grief I exclaimed, "Peace to thy memory, hapless fair one! Seduction's cruelty, base and undermining arts, lured thee to destruction; a moment of unguarded confidence led the way to hours of endless misery; thy yet untainted mind sunk under its accumulated load; madness usurped the throne of Reason, till Death, with untimely power, hurried thee to the tomb, while thy detested seducer smiled in triumph."

Unmanly, ungenerous, exultation! Where, let me ask, is the triumph in tearing from a virtuous family, its dearest and best treasure, a modest female, either to add to the already crowded mass of baneful prostitution, or to perish like poor Emily?

To such a man, or rather to such a fiend, as Emily's seducer, we may say with particular propriety,

"No mother, sister, sure thou hast,

"Or else a pang you must have known,

"More keen than if the lightning's blast,

"Had dash'd you lifeless on yon stone."

PROVERBS.—Change of weather finds discourses for fools.—Never purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give, they will cease to love.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A REBUS.

WHAT was chiefly in use before guns were invented,
And a place of retreat, for wild beasts under ground,
Where they couch, and lie down, both secure, and
contented,
Makes the name of a POET, that's highly renown'd.

A REBUS.

A ring and a cross, with the piece of a river,
Is the name of a City you are to discover.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MEN would be happy, if they coveted less; for generally, the more wishes they form, the more anxiety and sorrow falls upon them. Wishes hinder the ambitious, the sensual, and the covetous from being contented, because they foment in their hearts a greediness, which always causes them to seek for what they have not, and never to be satisfied with what they have. *Seneca* says "that there is no difference between possessing a thing and having no desire for it."

ANECDOTES.

A hungry historian in Germany wrote a kind of history last year, in which from some old records which he pretended to have discovered in a monastery, he endeavored to prove that Bonaparte was lineally descended from Charlemagne, and had therefore a natural right to the crown of France. The French Emperor gave him a purse of *Napoleon-d'ore*, and a pension for life.

Another of this fraternity, a hungry poet has given a long cant of Bonaparte being lineally descended from Richard Cœur de Lion by a Scottish Princess, and therefore he has a natural right to the crown of Great Britain, as a descendant of the Plantagenets. For this ingenious piece he also was rewarded with a purse and a pension.

Palladium.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 19, 1806.

Deaths in this city for one week, ending on Saturday last, of the following diseases, viz.—Consumption 5, Small-pox 4, convulsions 3, decay 3, cholera morbus 2, drowned 2, flux infantile 2, hives 2. Inflammation of the lungs 2, still-born 2, asthma, debility, dropsy, epilepsy, executed (John Banks,) hectic fever, mortification in the feet, rheumatism, putrid sore throat, sudden death, suicide by hanging, whooping-cough, of each 1.—Men 14, women 8, boys 11, girls 6—Total 39.

SUICIDE.—A melancholy instance of christian delirium happened about ten days ago in the town of Middleborough. A Mr. or Dr. Bowen, of that town had been preaching on probation in the town of Foxborough; thence, we are informed, he had an invitation to preach, as a candidate for ordination in a town near Taunton. In the midst of these days of his prosperity on the walls of Zion, a report originated in a female circle, that he had been seen in bed with a maid of a certain family.—This report spreading in the country and gaining credit, seized on Mr. Bowen, with a mortal gripe. He however, commenced a prosecution against the propagator of the story and defamer of his character; but his friends advising him to drop it he did. From this time, by intervals he was delirious. And rising one morning just before day, (his wife, having been kept awake all night, had fallen asleep) took the milk-pail, went through the barn yard, where he sat it down, leaving his hat by it, and a few rods distant hung himself with a cord on an apple tree. The verdict of the jury we have no heard. Mr. Bowen has uniformly sustained a respectable character, till a few weeks before this sad catastrophe.

Dedham (Mass.) paper.

Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller, has fallen a sacrifice to his spirit of enterprise; and by his death the world is deprived of the benefits of his research.—He and his attendants had ascended the river Gambia nearly 1500 miles to a place called Sego. Here he was conducted thro' the town by the Governor; but afterwards with all his attendants, savagely murdered.

Shocking Barbarity.—On Friday last, two domesticated Indians (a small party of whom have frequented our village lately) were committed to prison in this place for a violent breach of the peace. It appears that the one, to gratify some pique, stepped up to the other, and buried a knife in his body, just above one of his kidneys!—on which the latter threw a stone at his head, which knocked him down, and repeated his blow, until nearly the whole forehead was beaten in!—Surgical aid was immediately afforded; but the lives of both are uncertain.

Troy pap.

Murder!—We are informed, that on Tuesday evening last, a Jesse Wood, of Fishkill, Dutchess County, having some controversy with one of his sons, some distance from the house, hurried home before him, with another son, took his gun and discharged its contents in his breast, and he expired immediately; the father and son that accompanied him, have been apprehended, examined, and committed to jail.

Newburgh pap.

A man named Wright, at Alphington, knocked at the door of Mrs. Rowe, an aged widow, before her usual hour of rising, and rushing upstairs, where he found a blunderbuss which was constantly kept there. This he seized, and darting towards the bedside of Mrs. R. fractured her skull with it, and dreadfully lacerated her head and arms. The maid immediately ran down and gave the alarm, when the man was secured, who appeared to be evidently deranged; for he declared he was commissioned by a superior power to destroy all old women in the town, as a peace could never take place till that was accomplished. The coroner's inquest after sitting several hours, returned a verdict—Wilful murder, committed by the hands of R. Wright, supposed lunatic.

Lond. pap.

POWERFUL EFFECTS OF PLAISTER OF PARIS.

The wonderful efficacy of this wonderful mixture, was not fully known until recently; and Luzerne has the honour of the discovery. Col. Munchauson, a farmer in a neighbouring town had purchased a bushel of Gypsum, and left it standing in a bag, unknown to his wife. She, good woman, in haste to make some pudding for her children's supper, mistook the Plaster for Flour. The children feasted heartily and retired to sleep. The Col. in the morning, as was customary, rose early and went into the chamber where his boys slept to call them up. What was the astonishment of the father to find his sons had grown with such remarkable rapidity during the night, that their legs hung out of bed on the floor, and one had been absolutely crowded out of the bed! ! The boys continue their growth, and bid fair in a few weeks to rival in size the children of Anak.

Luzerne Fed.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,
A Geographical CHART of the U. STATES; or,
comprehensive view of the most interesting particu-
la rs, relative to the Geography of North-America.

COURT OF HYMEN.

O LOVER! thou softest passion of the mind!
Whole world'rous chains the willing captive bind.
Say, why with eager haste we run to meet
Thy joys so painful, and thy pains so sweet?
Fantastic charmer! shall we never know
Whence springs this mighty weight of human woe?
Slaves to thy power, to freedom born in vain,
We hate our liberty, and hug thy chain.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Abel Capt. Richard Chadwick, of New-Bedford, to Miss Mary Willis, of this place.

At Philadelphia, R. F. Henry Gottreau, to Miss Ann Wood, from the North of England.

At Paris, General le Brun, aged 58, to the beautiful Miss Piedmont, aged 15.

MORTALITY.

MOURN! O sensibility mourn!
Let tears of true sorrow be shed;
The corpse of thy friend is borne
To the cold, silent realms of the dead.

DIED.

On Friday, 11th inst. Capt. Salter fell to the ground through the hatchway of the second floor of Mr. Robert Deckey's store, and was unfortunately killed.

On Saturday last the 12th inst. the Rev. Mr. Pierre Antoine Albert, the worthy rector of the French Episcopal Church du St. Esprit. He was a sincere and pious Christian, and one of the most learned and eloquent divines in the United States.

On Tuesday last, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Elsey Crane, wife of Mr. B. Crane, Bookseller, of this city. In Virginia, Colonel Thomas A. Dyson, an old revolutionary officer.

At Dover, Delaware, on the 5th inst. the Rev. Richard Whatecot, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At Charleston, Mr. Andrew McFarlane, printer, joint proprietor of the Georgetown Gazette.

At Germantown, Major John Nice, an old revolutionary officer.

DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Linen.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the incumbrance or expense of any Implements; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which oily and other Compositions will not. If wrote on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much better, as well as indelible Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & co. Druggists, No. 128 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—tf.

MARTIN RABESON,

At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufacture extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas, or to net fringes

June 16

904—Sm.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

THE ENGLISH NUN.

COURT OF HYMEN.

A BALLAD OF SIMILES.

If Life's like a *bubble*, evaporates fast,
You must take off your wine, if you wish it to last.
For a bubble may soon be destroyed with a puff
If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life's like a *flow'r*, as grave moralists say,
'Tis a very good thing understood the right way :
For if life is a flow'r ev'ry blockhead can tell,
If you'd have it look fresh, you must moisten it well.

That life is a *Journey*, no mortal disputes ;
Then we'll liquor our brains, boys, instead of our boots,
And each toper shall own, on life's road as he reels,
That a spur in the head, is worth two in the heels.

If life's like a *Lamp* then to make it shine brighter,
We'll assign to Madeira the post of lamp-lighter ;
We'll cherish the flame with Oporto so stout,
And drink brandy-punch till we're fairly burnt out.

The world to a *Theatre* likēd has been,
Were each one around bears his part in the scene ;
If tis ours to be tipsy, 'tis matter of fact,
That the more you all drink, boys, the better you'll act.

Life fleets like a *Dream*'likea vision appears ;
Some laugh in their slumbers, and others shed tears ;
But of us, when we wake from our dream, 'twill be said,
That the tears of the tankard were all that were shed.

LINES,

To a Gent'eman who threw a Pack of Cards into the Fire.

I HAVE heard a report to your shame,
Which I hope, for your sake, is not true :
Of a family set all in flame,
And the deed perpetrated by you.

Although royal, from your cruel hand
No protection they found ; for your fire
Was so great—kings they could not withstand ;
But were cast, with their queens, in the fire.

Poor Jack, he met no better fate ;
But this his givēd friends may console,
That he died by the side of the grate,
Lies with royalty in the same hole.

And many good hearts fell that night,
Who had fought with their clubs in your cause ;
Though subalterns, yet equal in fight,
They had gain'd many times your applause.

To see dimonds consign'd to the flame,
Heap'd on spades, a sight shocking and sad ;
Which to me seems a step beyond shame,
For surely you must be stark mad.

THE QUESTION.

Why, O why this perturbation ?
Why this tumult in my breast ?
Why this unknown sweet sensation,
Charming, tho' it chases rest ?
Why this tender soft confusion ?
Why this downcast timid eye ?
Over my cheeks why this suffusion ?
Why thi' unconscious frequent sigh ?

Why this trembling fond emotion ?
Why the pulse's maddening play ?
Thrilling bosom,—soft commotion,
Restless night and listless day !
Why do crowds no longer please me ?
Why so dear the lonely grove ?
Why delight in thoughts that tease me ?
Tell me Nancy,—is this Love !

Just Published
By J. OSBORN,
AT HIS LIBRARY, 13 PARK, (Price 81 Dds.)
A NEAT EDITION OF
*LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY, ON A COURSE
OF ENGLISH POETRY.*

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Again—"With regard to execution, its style is marked with the clearness, nervous conciseness, and easy elegance, of the writer."—*An. Rev. Vol. II.*

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